

Nº7

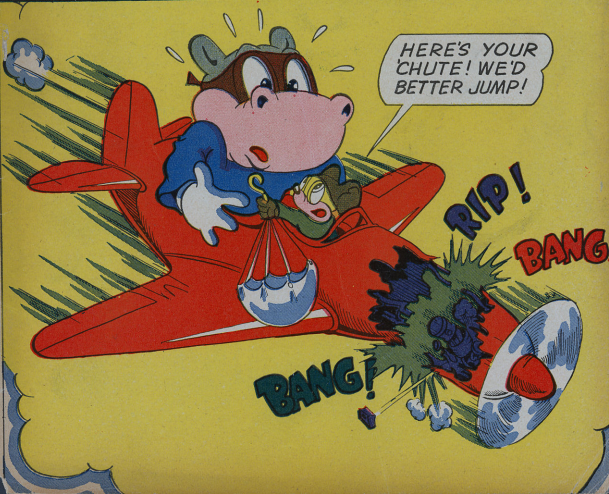
APRIL

IND



10¢

COMICS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Presenting.. FUNNIEST AMERICA'S MAGAZINE!

*The LAUGHINGEST
RIB-TICKLER THAT
EVER HIT THE STANDS!
And packed chockful
of*

★
GIGGLES ★
★ **POARS** ★
★ **BELLY-** ★
★ **LAFFS** ★

**IT'S THE
FUNNY-BONE
OF THE
CENTURY!**

NO 7

APRIL

GIGGLE

COMICS

10¢



Reserve

YOUR LAUGHS NOW!
THEY'RE WAITING
in

GIGGLE COMICS

10¢

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY!

— ON ALL STANDS —

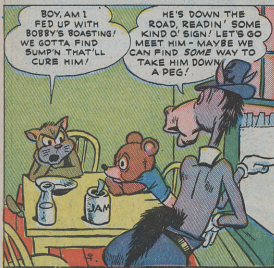
BOBBY BRAGG

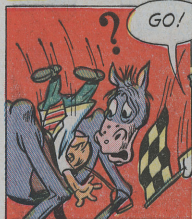
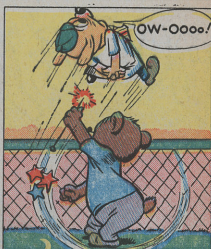
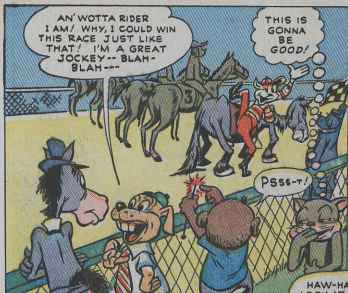


STEP UP, FOLKS--
AND MEET THE ONE
AND ONLY --

BOBBY BRAGG!

HE'S A GREAT MAN!
HE'LL TELL YOU SO
HIMSELF-- BUT THERE'S
MORE HERE THAN
MEETS THE EYE --
SO READ ON!





A CINCH!
I FORGOT TO TELL
YOU THERE'S NOthin'
I CAN'T DO ON A HORSE!
WHY, I REMEMBER MY
OLD FRIEND BUFFALO
BILL SAYIN' ---

WAKE
ME UP!
I'M
DREAMIN'!

SURE I WAS A GREAT
INJUN FIGHTER -- THAT'S
HOW I GOT TO KNOW BUFFALO
BILL! I WAS KNOWN AS THE
TERROR OF THE PLAINS --
THE GREATEST INJUN
KILLER EVER!

THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA THAT
WILL FIX HIM PROPER!
QUICK! WE'LL RUN
DOWN TO SCHULTZ'S
CIGAR STORE
AND ---

HERE HE
COMES! AS
SOON AS HE'S
WITHIN RANGE --
LET 'IM
HAVE
IT!

-- AND IT
WAS NOthin'
FER ME TO DOWN
TWENTY
INJUNS AT
A CLIP!

AND I --
YOW-EEEE!

HO-HO!
RUNNIN' FROM
A CIGAR STORE
INDIAN- IT'S
KILLIN'
ME!

HAW-HAW-
HE'S LEARNED
HIS LESSON
NOW! WAIT'LL
WE TELL HIM! I
GOT THE CAR
WAITIN' -- LET'S
OVERHAUL 'IM!

HEY, HERO!
SOME INJUN
FIGHTER- RUNNIN'
AWAY FROM JUST ONE-
AND A WOODEN
ONE, AT THAT!

HUH?

HA-HA! I GOTTA ADMIT YA DID FOOL ME,
PALS - I THOUGHT IT WAS REAL! BUT YOU
DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO FIGHT JUST ONE
INJUN, DID YOU? I WUZ RUNNIN' BACK
TO LOOK FOR THE WHOLE
DURNED TRIBE!

OH! WHAT
ARE YAGONNA
DO WITH A
GUY LIKE
THAT!

CURING BOBBY'S A PROBLEM!
- So that night...

GOT IT? IT'S THE OLD HOUSE THEY'VE GOT THOSE CRAZY "HAUNTED" RUMORS ABOUT! THERE CAN'T BE ANY GHOST THERE, 'CAUSE WE KNOW THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS! BUT BOBBY'S TOO DUMB TO KNOW THAT-- AND AFTER WE PUT HIM THROUGH THIS ONE HE'LL NEVER BOAST AGAIN!

GET READY! HERE HE COMES NOW!

GEE!-I'LL BET YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF ANYTHING.

AHEM! SPECIALLY NOT GHOSTS! THEY RUN WHEN THEY SEE ME COMING!

THEN PROVE IT! COME ALONG AND SEE HOW MANY GHOSTS YOU CAN NAB AT THE OLD HAUNTED HOUSE!

HUH? I JUST REMEMBERED-- I-I GOT ANOTHER APPOINTMENT--

YOU CAN'T TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE, BOBBY!

WHOO-000!

OH-HHH! I'M A SICK MAN, I TELL YA!

NONSENSE! YOU'LL BE BETTER WHEN YOU FACE SOME REAL DANGER! THE KIND YOU LOVE!

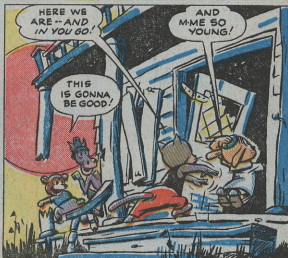
LEMME GO! I GOTTA SEE A DOG ABOUT A MAN--

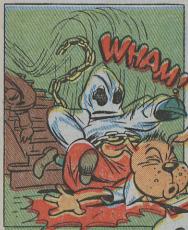


HERE WE ARE-- AND IN YOU GO!

AND MME SO YOUNG!

THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!







SO YOU'RE THE HERO WHO WUZ GONNA SHOW US GHOSTS UP, EH? YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO LEAVE THIS LIFE--AND JOIN OUR GHOSTLY COMPANY!

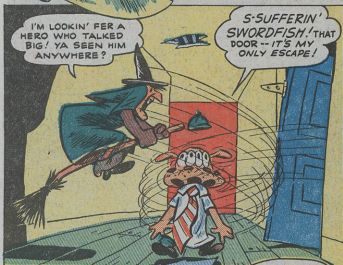
NO! NO!
HAL-LUP!



UHP!
FEET, GET
MOVING!



TH--THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING I
W-WANT AROUND
HERE--AN THAT'S
OUT!



I'M LOOKIN' FER A
HERO WHO TALKED
BIG! YA SEEN HIM
ANYWHERE?

S-SUFFERIN'
SWORDFISH! THAT
DOOR--IT'S MY
ONLY ESCAPE!

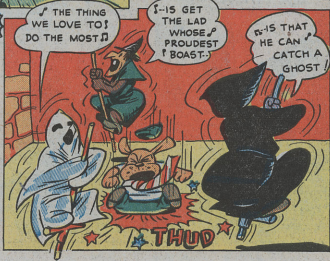


WHEW!
S-SAFE
AT
LAST!



LOOK OUT, BOBBY! THERE'S A
TRAPDOOR UNDER YOUR FEET!

THIS IS A
FINE TIME TO
BE TELLIN'
ME!

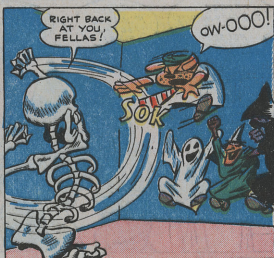
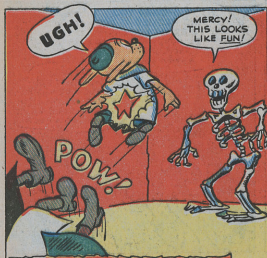


♪ THE THING
WE LOVE TO!
DO THE MOST ♪

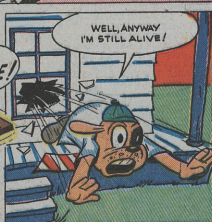
♪-IS GET
THE LAD
WHOSE ♪
PRODEST
BOAST-♪

♪-IS THAT
HE CAN
CATCH A
GHOST!

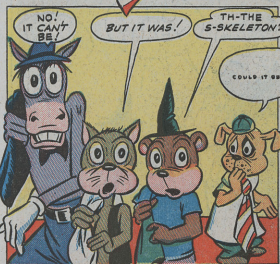
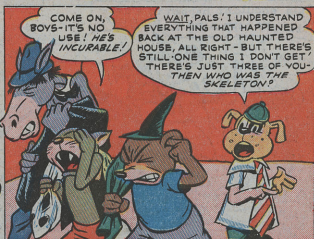
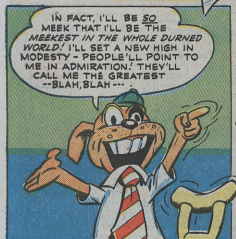
THUD



This shouldn't happen to a dog... but it's happening to **BOBBY!**



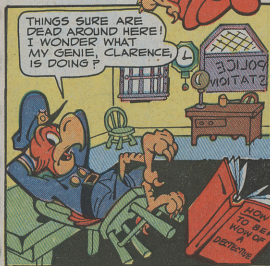
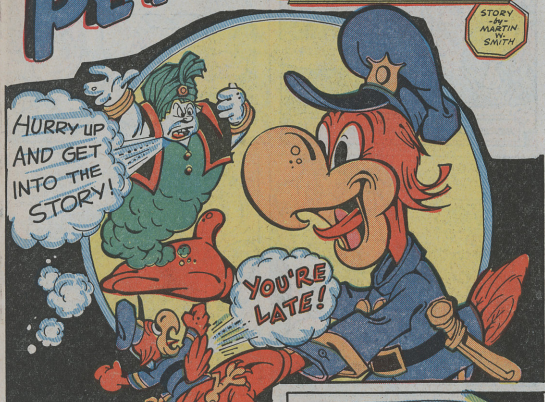
NEXT DAY---

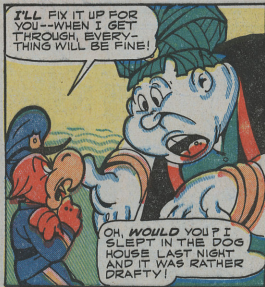
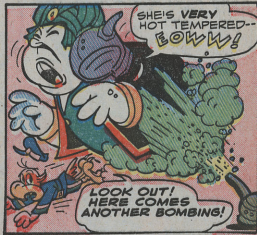
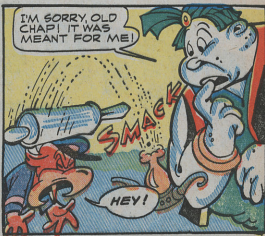
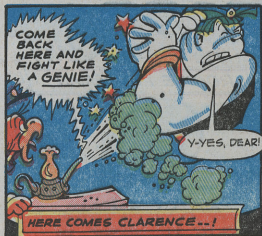


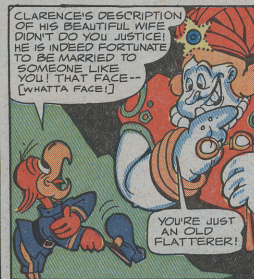
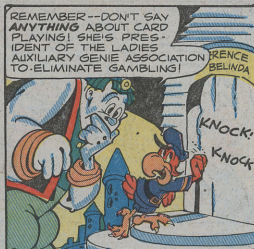
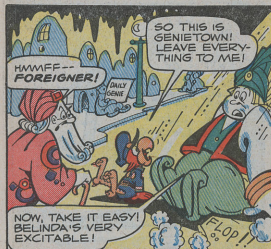
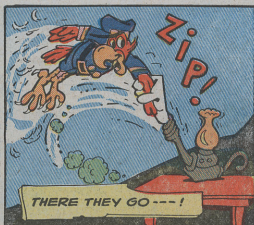
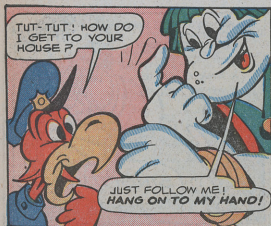
PETE PARROT

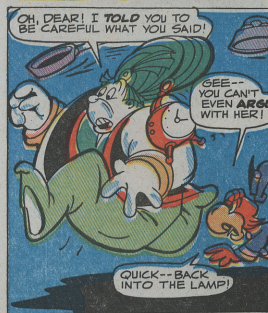
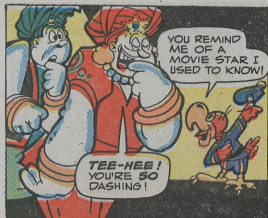
ROOKIE POLICEMAN

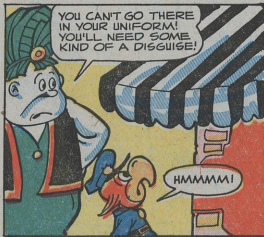
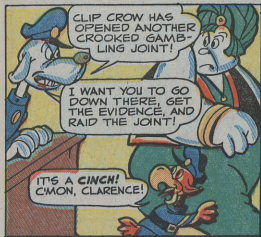
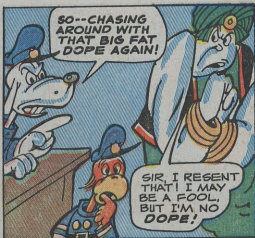
STORY
BY
MARTIN
W.
SMITH

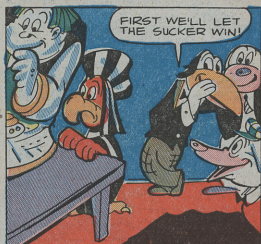
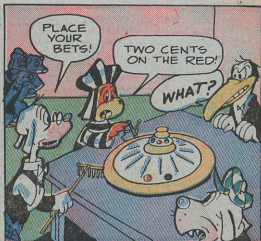


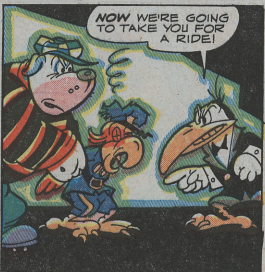
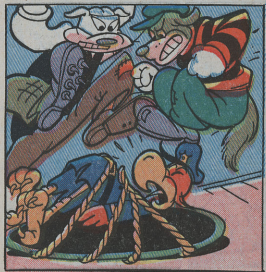
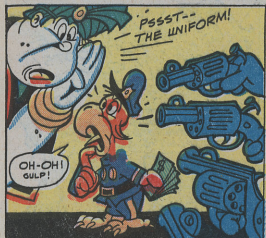
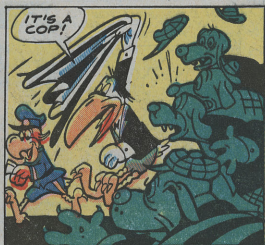


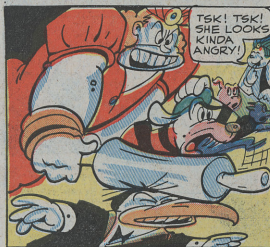
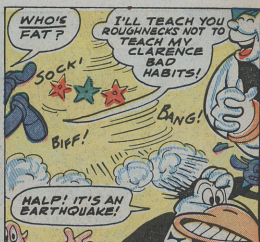






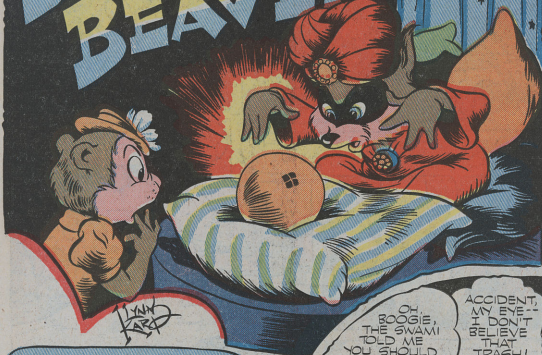




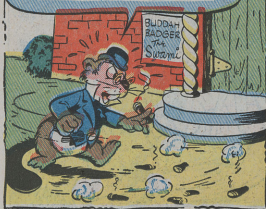


BOOGIE BEAVER

CAN'T BE SCARED



EVERY TIME WE PASS
THIS PLACE SHE HAS TO
GAZE AT THAT CRYSTAL!
I THINK I'LL GIVE HER
A GOLDFISH BOWL FOR
CHRISTMAS!



OH,
BOOGIE,
THE SWAMI
TOLD ME
YOU SHOULD
BEWARE OF
AN ACCIDENT!

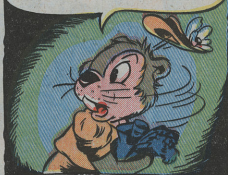
ACCIDENT,
MY EYE -
I DON'T
BELIEVE
THAT
TRASH!
LET'S GO
HOME
AND EAT
DINNER!



NOW, BOOGIE, THAT
ISN'T TRASH! YOU
BEWARE — SWAMI
BADGER ISN'T
A FAKE!

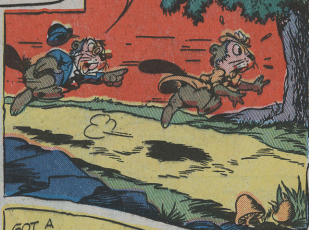
THE ONLY THING
ABOUT THAT GUY
THAT ISN'T A FAKE
IS HIS TURBAN--
AND THAT'S A
TURKISH TOWEL!

BOOGIE! — LOOK! IT'S --
-IT'S A WOLF! THIS IS
THE ACCIDENT THE
SWAMI WARNED US OF!



I'M VERY FORTUNATE — RATION POINTS
ALL GONE, AND HERE'S A FINE MEAL!

GET BEHIND THAT STUMP!
I'LL FIX HIM!



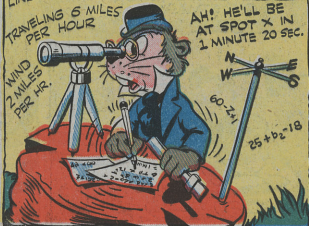
--I'VE GOT MY TRANSIT
WEATHER VANE, ENGINEER'S SLIDE
RULE — AND — BETTY, WHERE
IS MY PENCIL — BRING
IT QUICKLY!

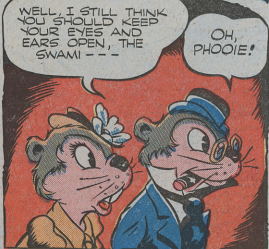
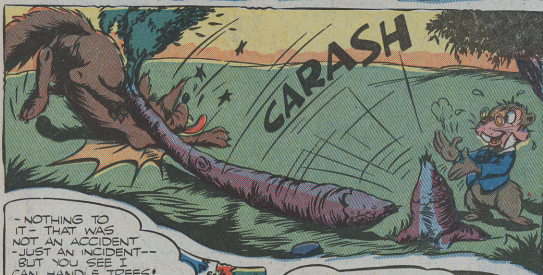
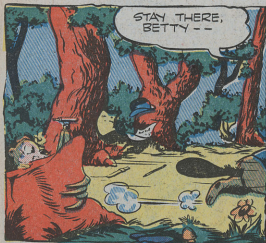
GOT A
LINE ON HIM!

TRAVELING 6 MILES
PER HOUR

WIND
2 MILES
PER HR.

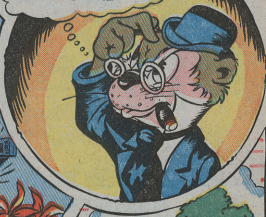
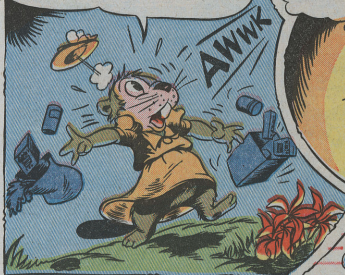
AH! HE'LL BE
AT SPOT X IN
1 MINUTE 20 SEC.





-SAID -- **VIPE!** LOOK,
BOOGIE--AND YOU CAN'T
DROP A TREE ON THIS
MONSTER!

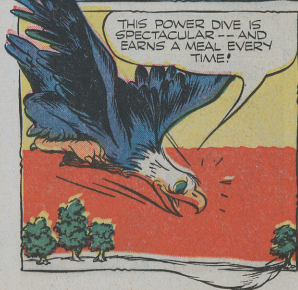
-"VIPE" IS RIGHT--
-THINK FAST, BOOGIE,
TRY AND GET OUT
OF THIS ONE!



-I'VE GOT IT--STAY WHERE YOU
ARE, BETTY?

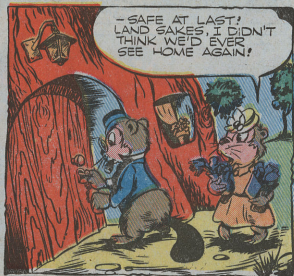
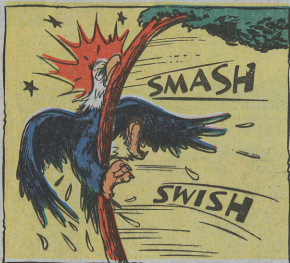
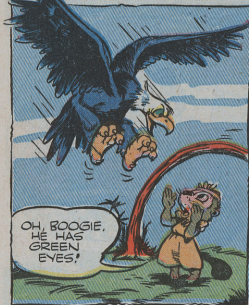


THIS POWER DIVE IS
SPECTACULAR--AND
EARNS A MEAL EVERY
TIME!



DON'T MOVE, HE'LL DIVE ON YOU!



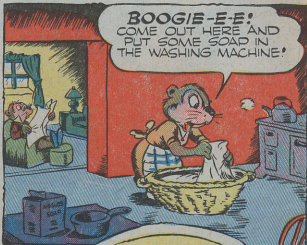


YOU KNOW, BOOGIE,
THERE IS STILL A
CHANCE THE
SWAMI MAY BE
RIGHT ABOUT AN
ACCIDENT TO YOU!

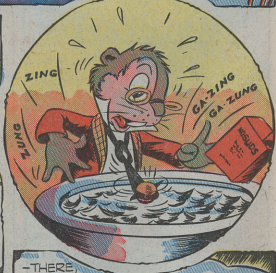
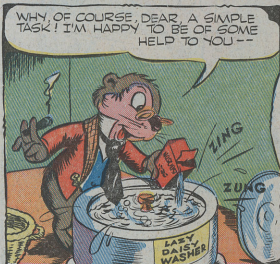
FORGET
IT,
A SWAMI
JUST
GUESSES!



BOOGIE-EE!
COME OUT HERE AND
PUT SOME SOAP IN
THE WASHING MACHINE!



WHY, OF COURSE, DEAR, A SIMPLE
TASK! I'M HAPPY TO BE OF SOME
HELP TO YOU --



-THERE,
IT'S OFF!
WELL, BOOGIE, DO YOU REMEMBER
WHAT THE SWAMI SAID?



Dumb Donkey

MAYBE
IF I EAT
THESE
BULBS, I'LL
BECOME
BRIGHT!

THE ADVENTURE
OF THE
VITAMIN
THAT WASN'T!

SAY, BUDDY,
DO YOU WANT
A JOB?

YES, IF I GET
7 DAYS OFF
A WEEK!

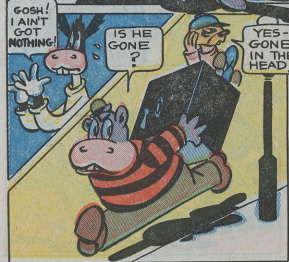
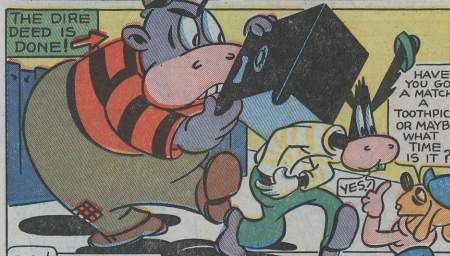
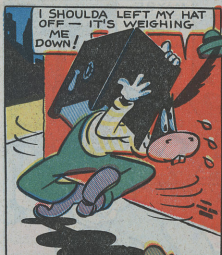
I'M
VERY
SMART!
I WAS
FIRST IN
MY CLASS--
READING
FROM
THE
BOTTOM
UP!

TAKE A
SAFE TO MY
LABORATORY!
IT CONTAINS
A MYSTERIOUS
VITAMIN I'VE
DISCOVERED!

THERE IT
IS, DO YOU
THINK YOU
CAN CARRY
IT?

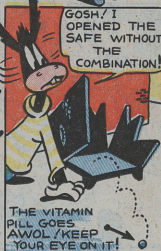
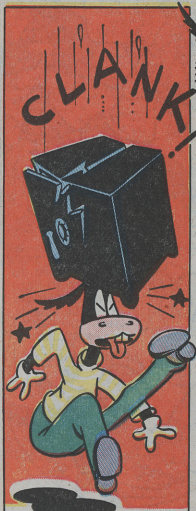
SURE!
I KNOW
AN EASY
WAY!

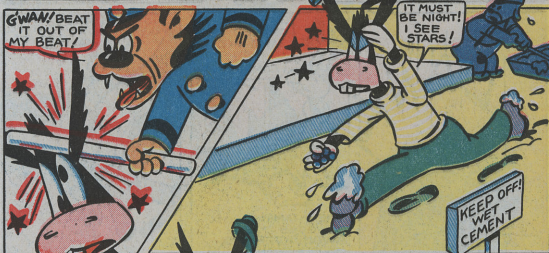
NOW ALL I'VE
GOTTA DO IS
STAND UP!

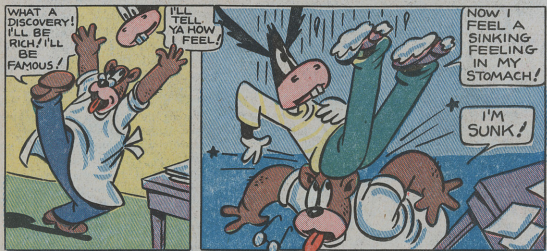
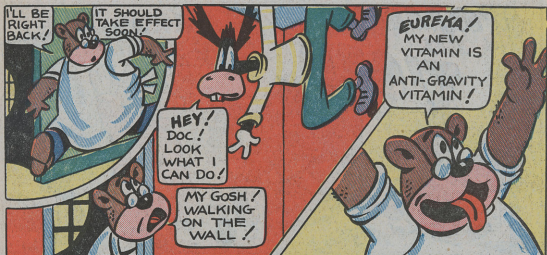




NOW, THERE IS
SUCH A THING
AS "DUMB LUCK,"
AND OUR HERO
IS DUMB,
SO







TOMMY TIGER

LEARNS A LESSON



TOMMY TIGER had been born and brought up in Ratziland across the sea. He had been taught to obey orders without question, to look upon his Leader as all-powerful, and to scoff at democracy.

When his father, who was a soldier, was captured and brought to this country. Because he had no means of support, and because he had relatives in Animaltown, little Tommy was allowed to come over, too. But Tommy had been trained to hate liberty, and he made it clear to everyone that he hadn't come because he wanted to.

Hilda Hippo, his aunt, took Tommy in and cared for him. Little Harvey Hippo, his cousin, tried to be nice to Tommy, but it was a hard job. All Tommy wanted to talk about was how tough and powerful were the folks in the dictatorship countries, and how soft and weak the democracies were.

"Aw, never mind all that!" Harvey said. "Let's go out and get up a game of baseball!"

"Baseball!" sneered Tommy. "That just shows how you live! You waste your time playing games, when you should be drilling and marching. Your country can never win the war!"

Harvey shrugged and went out to play.

That afternoon Harvey's team won easily, and his pitching played the most important part in their winning. He was in a fine humor as he started home, smacking his baseball into his pitcher's mitt.

But as he opened the door of his house, Harvey realized something was wrong. His

mother should have been in the kitchen, preparing supper. Instead, the kitchen was empty, and there were no signs of food preparation at all. Harvey stepped to the parlor—and realized why!

His mother and little Tommy Tiger were standing in a corner, with their hands raised. Facing them was a tough-looking convict in a striped suit, holding a revolver! A second convict was ransacking the room for valuables.

Without a sound, Harvey gathered himself. A diving tackle brought the armed criminal to the ground hard, where his head cracked against the floor! He was out cold!

Terrified at the sudden, silent onslaught, the second convict dashed out the back door and fled.

Harvey leaped to pick up the baseball he had dropped. Seizing it, he ran to the door and took swift aim. A mighty pitch—and the ball crashed against the fleeing crook's head, felling him as though he had been hit with a hammer.

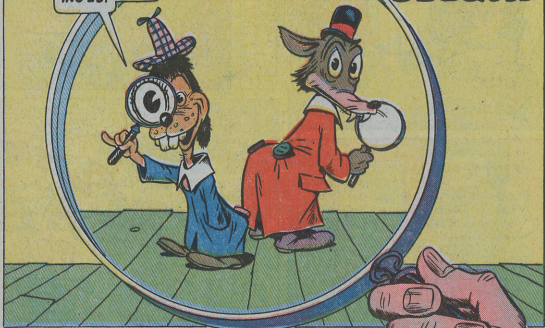
As Sheriff Barry Bear came to take the two thugs, who had been escaping from prison, Tommy looked at Harvey with a shamefaced grin.

"I—I'm beginning to think I was mistaken!" he said. "Where I come from, we work hard all day, drilling and marching, and *learning* to be tough! Here you play games that teach you how to be tough when you have to be—and you enjoy yourself while you do it!"

HORATIO

the SLEUTH

HEY! LOOK!
THEY'RE WATCH-
ING US!



HO HUM-- THINGS ARE RATHER
DULL! I'LL LOSE MY GIFT AS
A GREAT DETECTIVE IF
SOMETHING DON'T
HAPPEN!

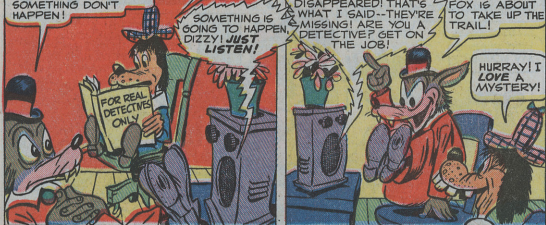
YEAH--ME
TOO!

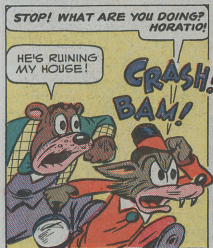
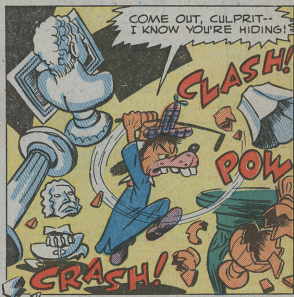
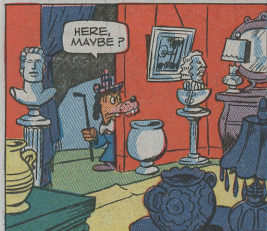
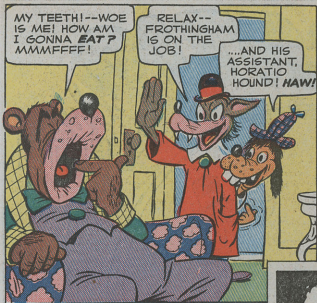
SOMETHING IS
GOING TO HAPPEN.
DIZZY! JUST
LISTEN!

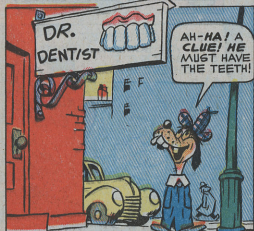
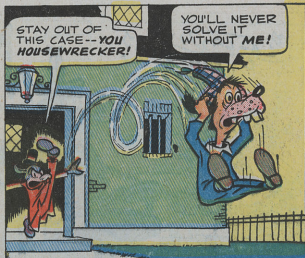
FLISH, FLASH, FLUSH---
BUCK BEAR'S GENUINE
FALSE TEETH HAVE
DISAPPEARED! THAT'S
WHAT I SAID--THEY'RE
MISSING! ARE YOU A
DETECTIVE? GET ON
THE JOB!

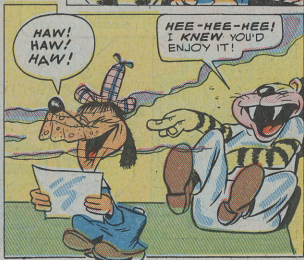
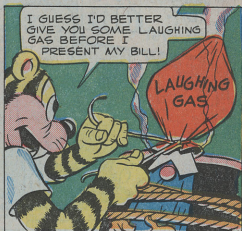
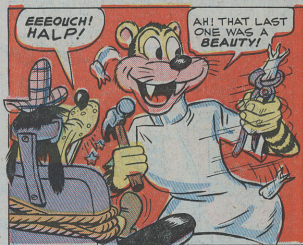
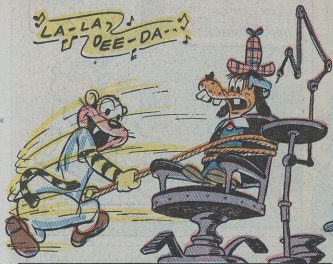
A CASE AT LAST
FROTHINGHAM
FOX IS ABOUT
TO TAKE UP THE
TRAIL!

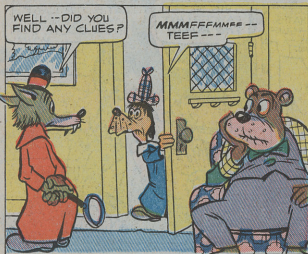
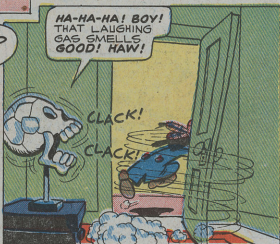
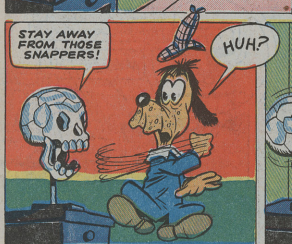
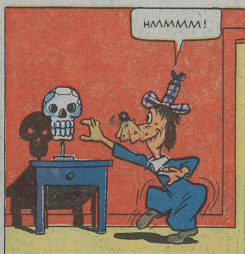
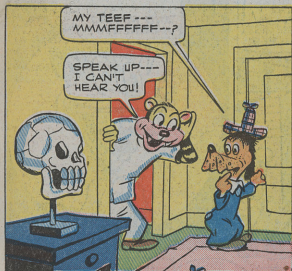
HURRAY! I
LOVE A
MYSTERY!

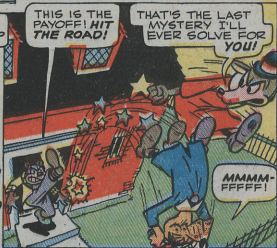
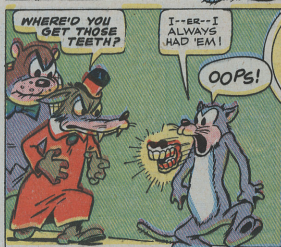
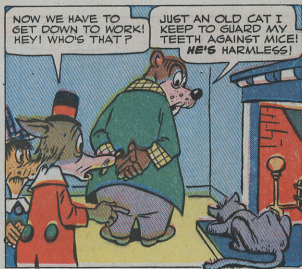












TWO-GUN GILLY

BOY! I SURE AM HUNGRY!
MAYBE THAT COWBOY WILL
GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT!

— BY —
BEN LEVIN

BRRRR--AND
THEY SAY HE'S
HIDING OUT IN
THESE PARTS!

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
\$5000
BLACK
JACK
REWARD

HEY, THERE,
STRANGER!

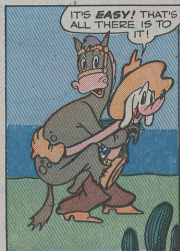
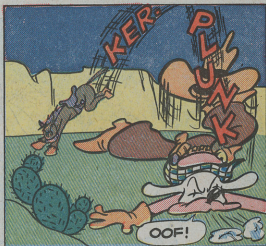
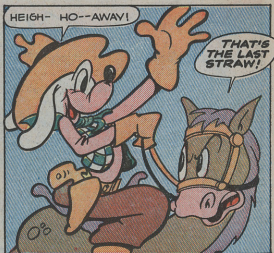
OH-HH!
I'LL BET
IT'S HIM!

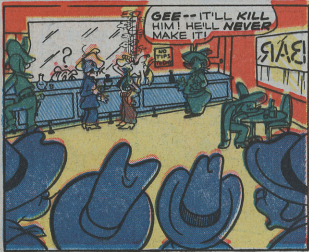
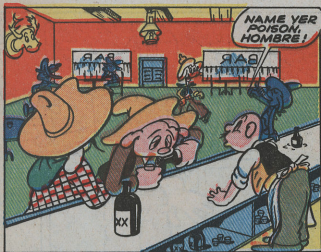
WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
\$5000
BLACK
JACK
REWARD

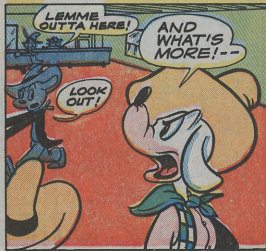
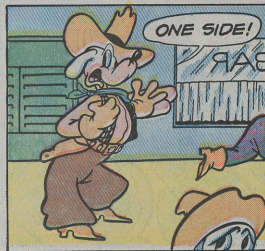
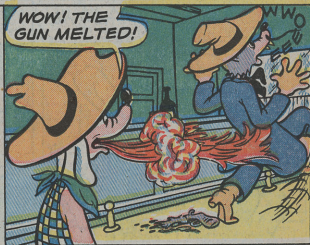
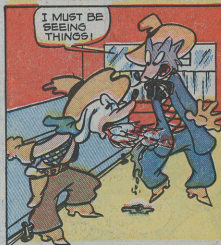
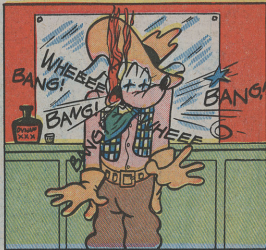
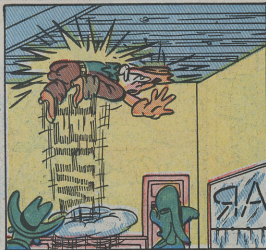
NOW, WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH HIM?

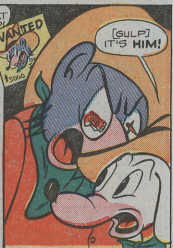
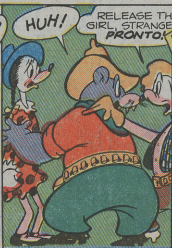
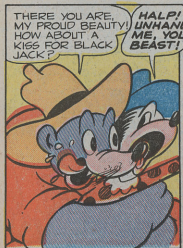
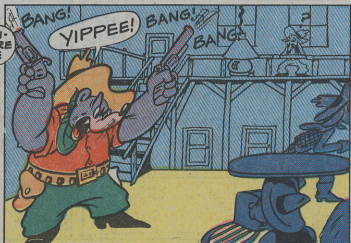
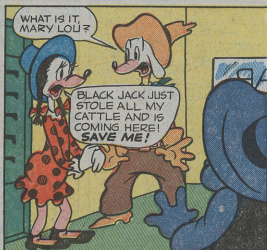
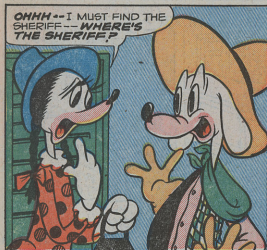
HMMMM--HE DON'T
LOOK SO TOUGH! I
COULD USE THE
REWARD!

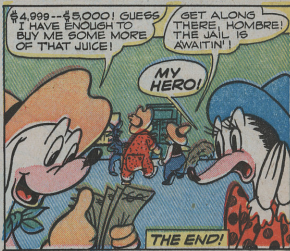
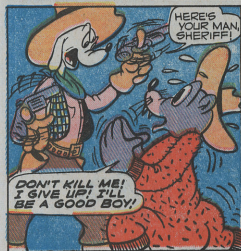
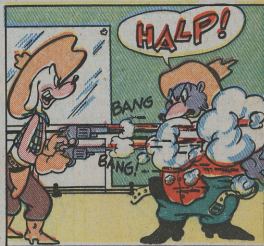
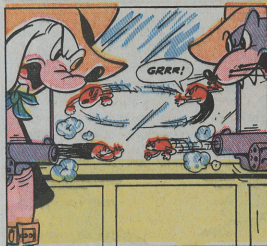
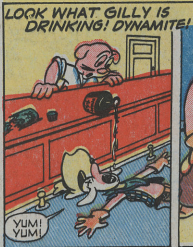
WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
\$5000
BLACK
JACK
REWARD





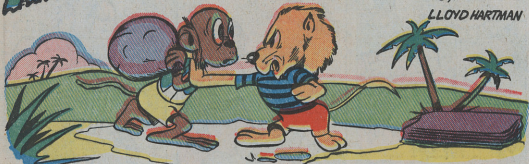






MICKEY BECOMES A GIANT

AN EXCITING ANIMAL TALE
...by...
LLOYD HARTMAN



LITTLE MICKEY MONK was so small that the other young animals always took advantage of him. If Bobby Bear felt like playing a practical joke, it was Mickey Monk who got the hot-foot. If they chose up sides for an exciting game of ball, Mickey was always the last to be chosen—or else left out altogether! If a big party was being held, like as not Mickey would not be invited.

Naturally, Mickey felt very badly about his size. He would have given anything to be as big and strong as young Leroy Lion, who was no older than he.

One day Mickey had a remarkable experience. He was walking through the woods alone, as usual—when suddenly the earth gave way beneath his feet! He found himself in a shallow pit which led into a little cave. And there in the cave he saw—a sack of gold!

"Golly!" murmured Mickey, his eyes like saucers. "Where could *that* have come from?" Then he remembered. "It must be the old pirate gold folks say was buried around here long ago! Yippee—I'm rich!"

Picking up the sack, Mickey started home exultantly. But unfortunately, he met Leroy Lion on the way.

"Whatcha got there?" asked Leroy.

"I found a sack of pirate gold!" Mickey told him excitedly. "I'm rich!"

"You mean *I'm* rich!" Leroy said with a nasty smile. "Gimme that gold—or I'll break your arm!"

There was nothing Mickey could do. He put down the sack and started off, only to say: "You may not know it, but my father was a gorilla! One of these days I'm gonna shoot up suddenly and get big and strong! Then you'll act differently!"

"G'wan, beat it!" snarled Leroy, and started counting the gold.

He was still counting it half an hour later when he heard the tread of heavy feet coming through the forest. He looked up—and his mouth dropped open.

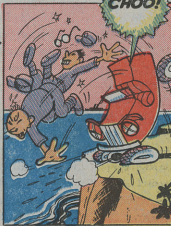
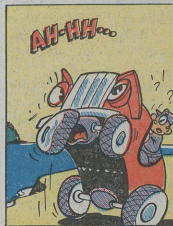
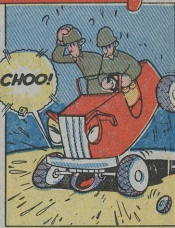
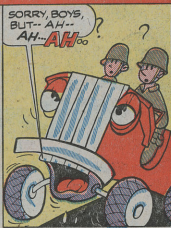
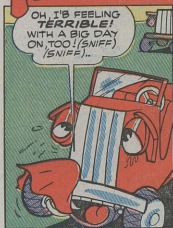
There before him stood Mickey Monk—but *how different!* He loomed huge and terrifying—far bigger than Leroy could ever hope to grow!

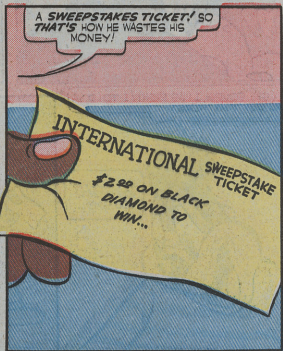
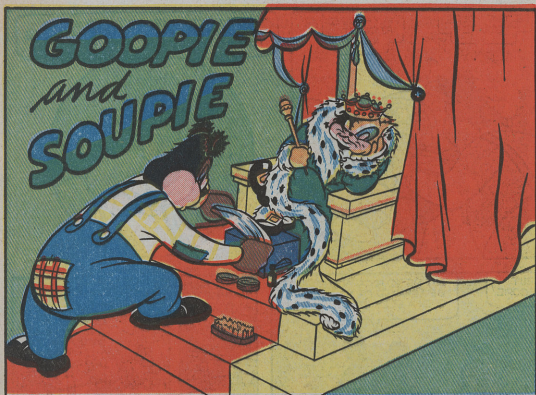
"HELP!" shrieked Leroy, and fled for his life!

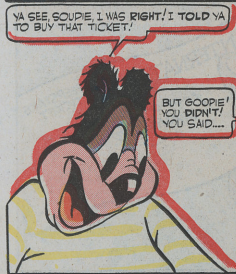
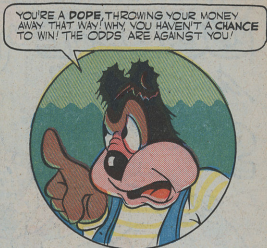
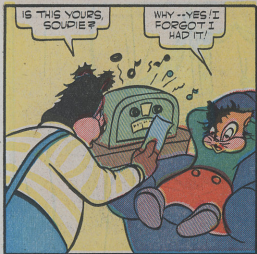
Holding on to a tree, little Mickey Monk managed to clamber down off the long stilts he had borrowed from his friend, the sign-walker with the circus.

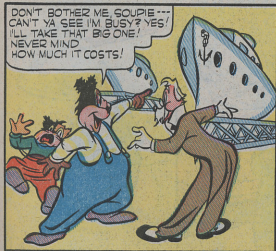
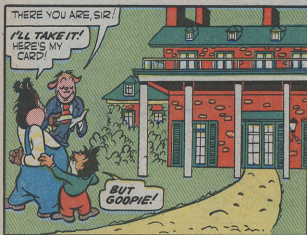
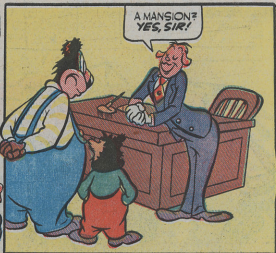
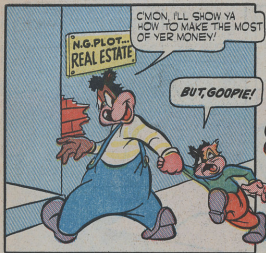
He smiled triumphantly as he picked up the gold. "If you can't be big," he said, "you gotta be smart!"

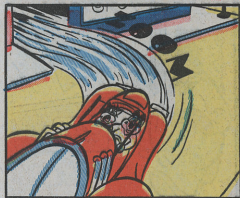
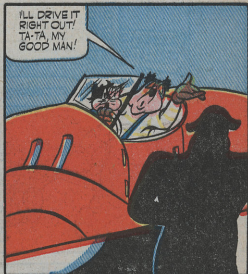
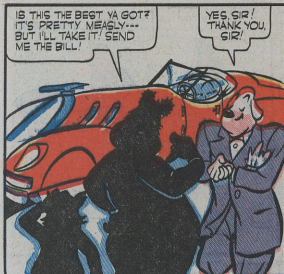
JERRY the JEEP

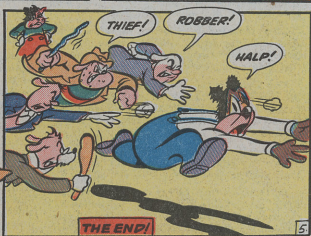
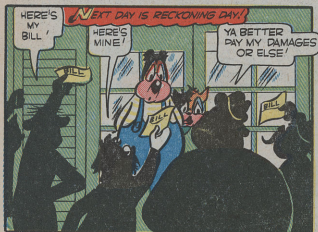
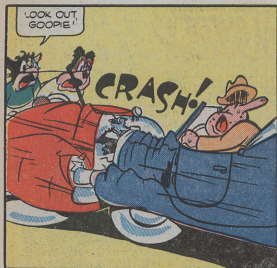












RALPH ROOSTER CROWS AGAIN

A WOODVILLE STORY

...by...
MORTON SCOTT



WHEN Ralph Rooster lost his voice it was a serious matter in Woodville. Ralph was the town crier; his ringing voice announced all important events—births, deaths, storms, fights, disasters—so that everyone in the village knew about them.

But now Ralph could blare out the news no more. His voice was gone!

When it first happened, he didn't realize it. He mounted the platform at the center of the town square to announce the arrival of a new duckling at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Danny Duck. He opened his mouth—and nothing came forth! He tried again—and still again. *Not a sound!*

A small crowd formed quickly. "What's the trouble, Ralph?" asked Sally Skunk.

Ralph shook his head in bewilderment. "I don't know!" he whispered. "My voice just went back on me—all of a sudden!"

They took Ralph to Doctor Drake, and he soon found the reason. A small pebble had become lodged right against Ralph's vocal cords, so that they couldn't vibrate and produce sound!

Doc Drake probed and probed, with every instrument he had, but he couldn't remove that pebble. Finally he said, "This really requires an operation, but it's rather dangerous, since I'll have to work very close to your windpipe!"

"Then I'd rather you didn't do it, Doc!" whispered Ralph. "I can do without my voice—but I can't do without my windpipe!"

So that was that. And the town had to find some new method of announcing important events. They finally solved the problem by setting up a bulletin board in the square. When any unusual occurrence took place, the bell in

the steeple would be rung to summon the townsfolk to the square, where they would read about it on the board.

But one day, something went wrong!

Bert Beaver came racing into town frantically. "The dam!" he shouted to Mayor Monk. "The dam burst! There's a flood heading this way! It'll destroy the whole town unless we get everybody out to dig ditches that'll lead the water off to one side!"

The Mayor sent Bobby Bear racing to the steeple, to have the bell rung, summoning everybody to the square. But nobody realized that the bell cord had been slowly rotting away, and now, at the first yank, it ripped off! There was no way to ring the bell!

The town was doomed!

Ralph Rooster said to himself, "I've got to get my voice back! I've just got to!"

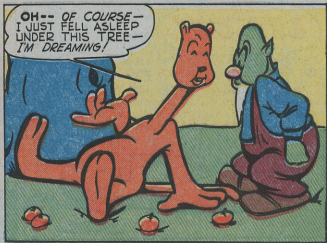
He leaped to the platform and filled his lungs. Then he made a mighty effort, letting go with everything he had. Not a sound came forth!

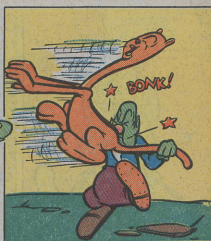
Ralph gathered himself once more, for a supreme attempt! He took a deep, deep breath, all the way down to the pit of his stomach. Then he forced it out, with every ounce of strength he could produce! AND THERE IT CAME—A GREAT CLARION CALL TO THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE!

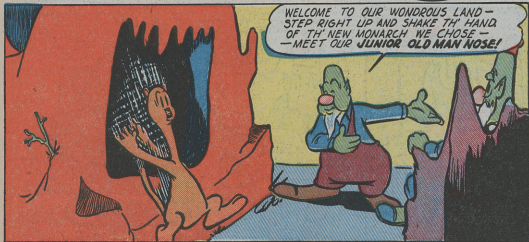
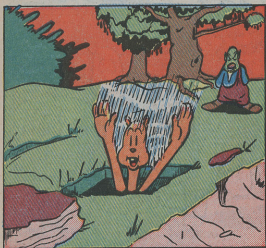
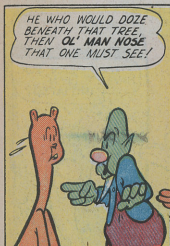
His voice had returned; he had forced out the pebble!

Everyone in town turned out quickly. They toiled mightily and dug two broad ditches—just in time! The flood roared down into the ditches, and harmlessly emptied into the lake below.

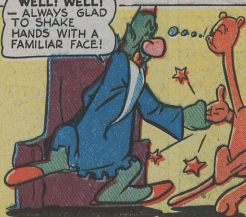
The town was saved!







WELL! WELL!
— ALWAYS GLAD
HANDS WITH A
FAMILIAR FACE!



WHATCHA TALKIN'
ABOUT? YOU'VE
NEVER
SEEN ME
BEFORE!



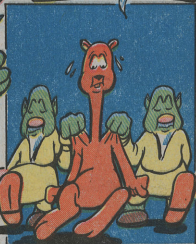
— YOU MEAN YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN
INITIATED?



GUARDS!

SEIZE
THAT WEASEL!

NO —
AND I AIN'T
GONNA BE!



SO—
YOU TRIED
TO ESCAPE!



COUNSELLOR—
WHAT SHALL
WE DO WITH
HIM?



HOW ABOUT—
A NICE
BIG
FEAST?

A BANQUET—
OH, BOY—
WE'LL REALLY
FEED
HIM!





OH,
DARN!

JUNIOR!

COMING,
MOTHER!

WHAT TOOK
YOU SO
LONG, SON?

AW- I'VE GOT
A WEASEL,
MOM!

WEASEL-?
BOYBOY!
BOYBOY!

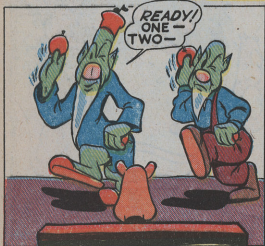
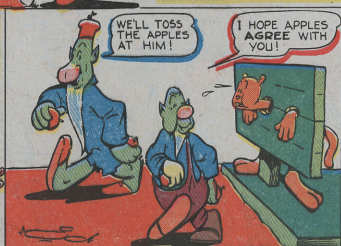
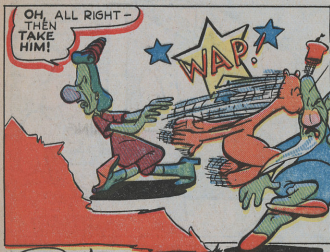
HEY!
I SAW
HIM FIRST!

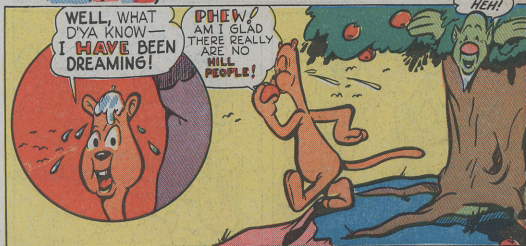
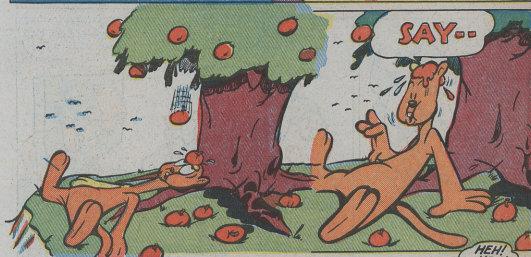
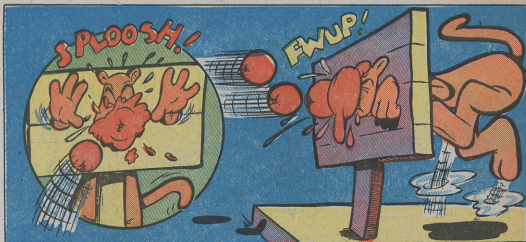
I DON'T CARE-
I JUST LOVE
WEASEL
STEW!

COME, JUNIOR,
- GIVE HIM
TO MOTHER!

NO- HE'S MINE,
I TELL YOU!

HELP!





REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT,
HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE
OUT!**

**RUSH
COUPON**

**Send No
MONEY**

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. **ACT NOW!** Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 3904

516 Fifth Avenue, New York, 18, N. Y.

☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.

☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

BALLCO PRODS. CO., Dept. 3904, 516 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of imitations.

**BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN—
YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY**

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, we have perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and holiday prices. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price actually \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this new

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. H2H
23 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.
☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name _____
(Please print plainly)
Address _____
City _____ State _____



FREE
for Prompt
Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person sowing one of these plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Years free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room placed on the window sill. This seed grows a plant in every month. The small plant may be transplanted and placed in a pot. It has flowers in each month. This plant is being studied by some of our leading universities and is raising very high in plant cultivation.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My wife and I have come to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly thank the Weather House for this." Mrs. T. W. Anderson, Ohio.
"I have tried 6 other Weather Houses. I want to give three away as gifts. They are wonderful." Mrs. J. C. Smith, Bay, Maine.
"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself." Mrs. L. R. Williams, Ill.
"I've never had my Weather House. I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. J. L. R. Thompson, Iowa.